Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER, | "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* | [EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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No subscription will be received for a less period than six months.

No paper will be discontinued except at the option of the proprietor, until all arrearages are paid up—and those who do not order their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

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A liberal deduction on the above rates will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis.

All communications, to insure attention, must be accompanied by the author's name and post-paid.

THE MECHANIC HERO.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Near Dalworth corner, at the time of the Revolution, there stood a quiet cottage, somewhat retired from the road, under the shade of a stout chestnut tree.—It was a quiet cottage, nestling away there in one corner of the forest road, a dear home in the wilderness, with sloping roof, walls of dark gray stone and a casement hidden among vines and flowers.

On one side, amid an interval of forest trees, was seen the rough outlines of a blacksmith shop. There was a small garden in front, with a brown gravelled walk and beds of beautiful flowers. Here, at the time of the Revolution, there dwelt a stout, hardy blacksmith working away in that shady nook of the forest, for war? What feared he for the peril of times, so long as his strong arm, ringing that hammer on the anvil, might gain bread for his wife and child? Ah, he cared little for war—he took little note of the panic that shook the valley—when some few mornings before the battle of Brandywine, while shoeing the horse of a Tory Refugee, he overheard a plot for the surpise and capture of Washington. The American leader was to be lured into the folds of the Tories; his person once in the British camp, the English General might send the "*Traitor*, Washington," home to be tried in London. Now our blacksmith, working away there in that dim nook of the forest, without caring for battle or war, had still a sneaking kindness for this *Mister* Washington, whose name rang on the lips of all men. So one night, bidding his wife a hasty good bye, and kissed the babe that reposed on her bosom, smiling as it slept, he hurried away to the American camp, and told the story to Washington.

It was morn ere he came back—it was the dimness of the autumnal morning that the blacksmith was plodding his way along the forest road. Some few paces ahead, there was an aged oak standing out in the road—a grim old veteran of the forest that had stood the shocks of three hundred years. Right beyond that oak was the blacksmith's home. With this thought warming his heart, he hurried on—he hurried on thinking of the calm young face and mild blue eyes of his wife, who, the night before, had stood in the cottage door waiving him out of sight, with a beckoned good bye—thinking of that baby who lay smiling, as it slept, upon her bosom. He hurried on—he turned the bend of the wood, he looked upon his home. Ah! what a sight was there? Where, the night before, he had left a peaceful cottage, smiling under a green chestnut tree, in the light of the setting sun, now was only a heap of black and smoking embers, and a burnt and blasted tree. This was his home! And there stood the blacksmith, gazing upon the wreck of his hearthstone—there he stood with folded arms and moody brow; but in a moment a smile broke over his face. He saw it all. In the night his home had taken fire, and been burned to cinders, but his wife and child had escaped—for that he thanked God. With the toil of his stout arm, plying there on the anvil, he would build a fairer home for his wife and child, fresh flowers should bloom over the walks, and more lively vines trail over the casement. With this resolve kindling over his face, the blacksmith stood there, with a cheerful light beaming upon his large grey eyes, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

He turned, and beheld the face of a neighbor. It was a neighbor's face but there was an awful agony flashing from those dilating eyes—there was a dark and terrible mystery speaking from those thin lips that moved and moved, but made no sound. For a moment the farmer tried to speak the horror that convulsed his features. At last, forcing the blacksmith down the brown gravelled walk, now strown with cinders, he pointed to the smoking embers. These, these—amid that heap of black and smoking ruins, the blacksmith beheld a dark mass of burnt flesh blackened bones. "Your Wife!" shrieked the farmer, as his agony found words, "The British! they came in the night, they"—and then he spoke that courage which the lip quivered to think on, which the heart grows paralized to tell—that outrage too foul to name—"Your Wife," he shrieked, pointing to that hideous mass amid the smoking ruins. "The British, they murdered your wife; they flung her dead body in the flames; they dashed your child against the hearthstone." This was the farmer's story. And there as the light of the breaking day fell around the spot, there stood the husband, the father gazing upon that mass of flesh and blackened bones, all that was once his wife! Do you ask me for the words that trembled from his white lips? Do you ask me for the fire that blazed from his eyes?—I cannot tell you; but I can tell you that there was a vow going up to heaven from that blacksmith's heart! that there was a clenched hand upraised in the light of the breaking day. Yes, as the first gleam of autumnal dawn broke around that spot, as the first long stream of sunlight streamed over the peeled skull of that young wife—she was that last night—there was a vow going up to heaven, the vow of a maddened heart and anguished brain.—How was that vow kept? Go to Brandywine, and where the carnage gathers thickest, where the fighting is most bloody, and there you may see a stout stout form striding on, lifting a hammer into light, where that hammer falls it kills—where that hammer strikes it crushes. It is the blacksmith's form, and the war cry that he shouts! It is a mad cry of vengeance—half howl, half hurrah!—It is but a fierce yell breaking up from his heaving chest! Ah no! Ah no! It is the name of *Mary!* It is the name of his young wife! Oh, Mary, sweetest name of woman—name so soft, so rippling, so musical—name of the mother of Jesus, made holy by poetry and religion. How strangely did the syllables of music ring out from that blacksmith's lips, as he went murdering on. "Mary," he shouts, as he drags that red-coated trooper from his steed. "Mary," he shouts as his hammer crushes down, laying that officer in the dust. "Look! another officer with a gallant face and form—another officer glitteuing with tinsels—clasps the blocksmith by the knee and begs for mercy. I have a wife—I have a wife in yonder England, spare me." The blacksmith, crazed as he is, trembles, there is a tear in his eye. "I would spare you, but there is a form before me—the form of my dear dead wife. That form is gone before me all day, she calls upon me to strike," the hammer fell, and then rang out that strange war cry, "Mary." At last, when the battle was over, he was found by a wagoner, who had at least shouldered a cart whip, in his country's service. He was found sitting by the road-side, his head was sunken, his leg broken and his life-blood welling from his many wounds. The stranger would have carried him from the field, but the stout blacksmith refused. "You see, neighbor," he said in that voice husky with death, "I never meddled with the British until they burned my home—till they—he could not speak the outrage; but his wife and children were there before his eyes. "And now I've but five minutes life in me, I'd like to have a shot at the British before I die, d'ye see that cherry tree? Place me there, give me a powder horn, three rifle balls and a good rifle, that's all I ask." The wagoner granted his request; he lifted him to the foot of the cherry tree, he placed the rifle, the balls and the powder within his grasp; then whipping his horses through the narrow path from the summit of the neighboring height he looked down upon the last scene of the blacksmith's life. There lay the stout man at the foot of the cherry tree, his head sunk, his leg hanging over the bank—the blood was streaming from his wounds—he was dying. Suddenly he raised his head; a sound struck his ear, a party of British came rushing along the narrow with carnage and thirsting for blood, they pursued a band of scattered Continentals. An officer led the way, waiving them onward with his sword; the blacksmith loaded his rifle; with that eye bright with death he took the aim; "that's for Washington," he shouted as he fired; the officer lay quivering on the road side dust. On, and on came the British, nearer to the cherry tree, the Continentals swept through the pass; again the blacksmith loaded—again he fired. "That's for Mad Anthony Wayne," he shouted, as another officer bit the dust. The British now came rushing to the cherry tree, determined to cut down the wounded man, who with his face toward them, bleeding as he was, dealt death among their ranks. A fair visaged officer, with golden hair waving in the wind, led them on, the blacksmith raised his rifle with that hand stiffening in death, he took the aim, he fired. The young Briton fell with a shriek. "And that," cried the blacksmith, in a voice that swelled into a shout, "and that's for——" his voice was gone, his shriek died on his white lips. His head sunk—his rifle fell. A single word bubbled up with his death organ. Even now methinks I hear that word echoing and trembling there among the rocks of Brandywine, that word was "MARY."

AN OLD GENTLEMAN CHARMED OUT OF TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.—The gypsies have stolen $1,200 from an old man named Pearso of Limerick, Maine. They made him believe that $4,000 was buried in a pot on his farm, and persuaded him to get the $1,200 together, and deposit it in a small trunk, to remain in his possession six days, while they were working the charm to find out the spot where the $4,000 was hidden. Soon afterward, the gypsey woman returned, and accused the elderly greenhorn of opening the trunk, thereby defeating "the charm." He confessed he had done so, and that the gypsey woman counted the money again, and took the key, leaving the trunk and money, as he thought, with Mr. Pearse; but at the expiration of the six days he found that the charm had worked so potently that neither the money nor the gypsies could be found.

SPLENDID GIFT FROM LYONS TO NEW YORK.—Mr. ex-Consul Goodrich presented to the city of New York, on Friday, a magnificent portrait of Washington, woven in silk, at the silk manufactory of Messrs Ponson, Philippe & Vibert, at Lyons, by which firm the novel work of art, richly framed, was presented to the city. The work was done in Jacquared frame, at an expense of ten thousand dollars, and it is the first likeness of an American thus wrought. The likeness is taken from Stuart's painting, and is admirable.

DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

Don't run in debt—never mind, never mind,
If thy clothes are faded and torn;
Fix 'em up, make them do; it is better by far,
Than to have the heart weary and worn.
Who'll love you the more for the set of your hat,
Or the ruff, or the tie of your shoe,
The shape of your vest, your boots or cravat,
If they know you're in debt for the new.

There's no comfort, I tell you in walking the street
In fine clothes, if you know you'r in debt,
And feel that perchance you some tradesman may meet
Who will sneer—"they're not paid for yet."
Good friends let me beg of you don't ruin in debt,
If the chairs and the sofas are old—
They will fit your back better than any new set,
Unless they're paid for with gold;
If the house is too small, draw the closer together,
Keep it warm with a hearty good will;
A big one unpaid for, in all kinds of weather,
Will send to your warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt—now, dear girls, take a hint,
(If the fashions have changed since last season,)
Old Nature is out in the very same tint,
And old nature we think has some reason,
But just say to your friend that you cannot afford
To spend time and keep up with the fashion,
That your purse is too light and your honor too bright
To be tarnished with such silly passion.

Gents don't run in debt—let your friends, if they can,
Have fine houses, feathers and flowers,
But unless they are paid for, be more of a man
Than to envy their sunshiny hours.
If you're money to spare, I have nothing to say
To spend your dollars and dimes as you please
But mind you the man who his note has to pay,
Is the man who is never at ease.

Kind husbands, don't run in debt any more;
'Twill fill your wife's cup full of sorrow,
To know that your neighbor may call at your door,
With a bill you must settle to-morrow.
O, take my advice—it is good, it is true!
(But, lest you may some of you doubt it,)
I'll whisper a secret, now seeing 'tis you—
I have tried it and know all about it.

The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold,
Its links are corrison and rust;
Gild it o'er as you will—it is never of gold—
Then spurn it aside with disgust.
The man who's in debt is too often a slave,
Though his heart may be honest and true;
Can he hold up his head, and look saucy and brave,
When a note he can't pay becomes due?

ADVENTURES OF AN ORPHAN BOY

A Tale of Love and Politics.

BY YOUNG.

Towards the latter part of the summer of 1840, a lad of prepossessing appearance entered a beautiful town of G——, situated at the foot of Seneca Lake, near the centre of New York. He had travelled from the Western part of Ohio, where his father a widower, had died from one of those malignant fevers so common in newly settled countries, while overseeing the cultivation of a large tract of land, in order to regain a fortune lost during the disastrous speculations of 1836.

Being an only son, and left among strangers, after the death of his father, George Wentworth resolved to leave Ohio and remove to the State of New York, for the purpose of trying his fortune in any manner that chance might offer.—He had passed through the several towns and villages on his route, without meeting anything to attract his attention, till reaching G——. This fine town, with its lovely lake and pleasant scenery, struck his fancy, so he determined to obtain employment, if possible, and make it his future home.

While walking along the principal street of the place—a shady avenue overlooking the lake, and on which were located several churches and other fine buildings—he saw a large crowd of people assembled around a newly erected liberty pole, in front of one of the principal hotels.—On approaching the spot he found that it was a political meeting held for the purpose of raising the pole and making party speeches.

Our hero forced his way into the crowd just as they were raising the "Stars and Stripes," with the name of the favorite candidates, to the top of the flag-staff.—The flag had scarcely reached half way, the enthusiasm being at its height, when the cord twisted and caught in the little wheel at the top. They pulled and tried every way, but were unable to raise or lower the flag a single inch. The excitement and cheering ceased, and all eyes were raised to the half-masted flag. A portion of the opposition party, who were grouped a little in the rear of the main body, began to jeer and joke about the apparently bad omen, to the evident discomfiture of their opponents.

At length Judge S——, editor and publisher of the G—— Journal, then a candidate for Congress, offered fifty dollars to any person who would climb the staff and draw the cord through the wheel. The utmost silence reigned for several minutes, but no one advanced to make the daring trial.

"Will nobody volunteer?" shouted the Judge, strongly excited, as a peal of laughter went up from the ranks of the opposition.

The chuckle had scarcely died away, however, before George, with his cap and shoes off, stepped before the Judge, and with a confident look exclaimed:

"Yes, sir: I'll climb it!"

"You my lad: are you strong enough?"

"Oh yes, sir: I am used to climbing."

"Then go ahead, my little Spartan," said the Judge, at the same time giving him an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

Steadily, hand over hand, his feet clutching the pole in a manner that proved him to be an expert climber, George made his way to the very top of the staff, which was so slender that it swayed to and fro, with his right hand untwisted the cord. Shouting fearlessly to those below to hoist away, he clung on till the flag fairly reached the top, and then slowly descended.

The cheers that now rent the air were terrific—everybody, opposition, and all, joining in with one universal shout.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Judge S—— looked upon the boy with admiration, and wtook out his pocketbook to pay the promised reward.

George noticed the action, and exclaimed:

"Keep your money, sir; I want no pay for helping to raise the American flag."

"Nobly said, my little man; what is your name?" inquired the Judge.

"George Wentworth, sir; I am an orphan have just arrived here in search of employment," replied our hero, his bright eyes glistening with a tear.

"Well, you shall live with me," exclaimed the Judge; "I'll take care of you for the future."

* * * * * *

Five years passed from the time George Wentworth became a member of his benefactor's family. In the meantime Judge S——had been defeated by his political opponent, and George had been initiated into the mysteries of the "Art of Arts." He had become a general favorite with the citizens, and was looked upon as the adopted son of the Judge. It was even whispered in private circles that he was to be the envied husband of the beautiful and accomplished Ida, the Judge's only child. But this, George had not dared to dream of; 'tis true he never felt so happy as when in her presence, and it *did* make his muscles twitch to see the foppish students from the college, swarm around the unacknowledged idol of his heart. Poor youth! had he known the real state of Ida's feelings, the thought would have almost turned his brain; and could he have interpreted the gleam of joy that flashed from her eyes whenever he uttered a noble sentiment or sally of wit, it would have filled his soul with ecstacy and delight.

One fine day in the latter part of June, Ida, her father and George, were enjoying a sail on the lake in their yacht—the "Swan"—which had won the "cup" at the last regatta, under the management of our hero, who was at present standing with his hand on the mast gazing at the beautiful scenery on the opposite shore; the Judge held the tiller, and Ida was leaning over the side of the boat, trailing her pretty hand through the clear water of the lake, when a sudden gust of wind careened the yacht so that she lost her balance and fell into the water. George heard the splash made by Ida, and before the Judge could utter a cry, he had kicked off his light summer shoes, and plunged into her rescue. Being a skillful and vigorous swimmer, he came up with the struggling girl before her clothes allowed her to sink, and entwining her waist with his left arm, struck out with his right, and kept her above water till the Judge turned the boat and came to their relief. In a few moments they were safely in the boat again and Ida soon recovered from the effects of her unexpected bath. The old Judge embraced George and exclaimed, with tears starting from his eyes—

"God bless you, my dear boy, you have saved my daughter's life, how can I ever repay you?"

"By saying nothing about it," replied George; "I owe you now a thousand fold more than I can ever repay, and I am too happy in being able to render even this slight service."

The lovely Ida could say nothing, her heart was overflowing, but she gazed upon her preserver with an expression that told volumes. Her father observed her earnest, loving glance, and began to guess the true state of affairs. He was not prepared for it, and in silence turned the boat toward the shore. They soon reached home, with feelings far different from those they started with.

The following morning, George received a notice to visit the Judge in his library. His heart beat wildly—what could it mean?

The Judge had determined to put him to a severe test. As soon as George entered the library he commenced—

"Since becoming an inmate of my family, George, you have conducted yourself in an honorable and worthy manner, performing every duty cheerfully and neglecting none. You are now of age, and capable of doing business for yourself.—I have placed five thousand dollars in the bank at your disposal; you can use this sum as you think proper, or let it remain on interest, and take charge of my office under a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; in either cause you must leave my house for the present. What do you say to my proposals?

George was completely bewildered, and stammered forth a request to be allowed a few hours for consideration. This being granted, he retired to his room and threw himself on his bed in a paroxysm of grief. Could the Judge have guessed what he himself had scarcely dared hope? What right had he to his benefactor's daughter and fortune? None! He would smother his feelings, and earn an honorable living by his own exertions.

Various were the rumors set afloat by the scandal mongers of G——, as to the cause of young Wentworth leaving his patron's mansion, but their inuendoes were unheeded. George now devoted himself wholly to business and study.—His brow wore a more thoughtful expression, and his cheeks grew a shade paler. The Judge acted towards him in a straightforward, frank manner, yet never addressed him in the kind, fatherly tones, as has been his wont before the incident that occurred on the lake. If he chanced to meet Ida in his walks, friendly glance and nod were all that passed; still he felt that his looks betrayed him, for the warm blood gushed from his loving heart and tinted his cheeks with the tell tale blush; and he cherished the pleasing thoughts that her look was beaming with love and hope.

A little more than a year had passed from the time George had left the home of those he loved. It was the eve of another election, excitement ran high, and Judge S—— was again a candidate for Congress. For several weeks a series of ably written articles, had appeared in the Judge's paper. They were addressed to all classes—farmers, mechanics and laborers. The original and vigorous style, clear and convincing arguments, deep and profound reasoning of these articles invariably carried conviction to the parties to whom they were addressed. All the newspapers of the party in that Congressional District copied them, and curiosity was on tip-toe to know their author, as they were simply signed by two little "stars." The election passed off and Judge S—— was elected by a large majority.

Late one night, while Ida and her father were returning from a party given in honor of his election, they observed a light in the printing office. As the establishment was usually closed at twilight it appeared strange it should be lit up at that hour, so the Judge determined to learn the cause. Requesting his daughter to accompany him, they ascended the stairs and entered the office quickly. A sight met their gaze which caused the heart of ONE of them to beat violently.—At the desk, a short distance from the door, sat George, fast asleep, with his head resting on his arm. As Ida's father stepped forward to awake the sleeper he observed several political essays lying open on the desk, and a freshly written article, with the mysterious "stars" attached. The truth flashed upon the Judge in a moment, he was indebted to George for his success! He beckoned to Ida, who came trembling at his side.—Just then, they saw by the flickering lamp, a smile pass over the slumberer's face, and he muttered the words "dear Ida," in a tender tone.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the loving girl affectionately, throwing her arms around her parent's neck, "do let George come *home* again; it is surely no sin for him to *love* me!"

Awakened by the sound of Ida's voice, George looked around confused, and as he saw Ida and her father, endeavored to hide the manuscript. But the Judge stopped him by saying, laughingly—

"It won't do, young rascal, you are fairly caught, found out—talk in your sleep, will ye—ha! ha! But come here, take Ida, and be happy. I know she loves you! ha! ha! ha!"

George was bewildered and transported—he had been awakened from a pleasant dream to a bright reality.

Matters were soon explained, and the warm hearted Judge, after blessing them both, promised to see them married before he started to Washington.

Yankee Ingenuity.

In some of our towns we don' allow smoking in the streets—in others we do—and where it is against law, it is $2 fine in the general way. Well, Zeke went down to Boston to do a little chore of business there, where this law was, only he didn't know it. So as soon as he gets out of the coach, he outs with his case, takes a cigar, lights it, and walks on smoking like a furnace fire. No sooner was this done than up steps a constable, and say:

"I'll trouble you for two dollars for smokin' again the law on the streets."

Zeke was quick as a wink on him: says "smokin'—I warn't smokin."

"Oh my," said the constable, "how you talk man, I won't say you lie, cause it it ain't polite, but it is the very way I talk when I fib. Didn't I see you with my own eyes?"

"No," says Zeke, "you didn't. It don't always do to believe your own eyes; they can't be depended on more than other people's. I never trust mine, I can assure you—I own I had a cigar in my mouth, but it was because I like the flavor of tobacco, but not to smoke it. It don't convene with the free and enlightened citizen of our almighty nation to break the law, seein' that he makes the law himself, and is his own sovereign and his own subject too. No, I warn't smokin,' and if you don't believe me, try this cigar yourself, and see if it ain't so. It has got no fire in it."

The constable takes the cigar, puts it in his own mug, and draws away, and out comes the smoke like anything.

"I'll trouble you for two dollars Mr. High Sheriff's Representative for smokin' in the streets, do you understand, my old coon!"

The constable was taken all aback, he was finely bit, and he asked—"Stranger, where was you raised?"

"To Canady line," says Zeke.

"Well," says he, "you are a credit to your broughters up. Well, let the fine drop; we are about equael, I guess. Let's liquor;" and he took him into a bar and treated him to a mint julep. It was generally considered a great bite that, and I must say, I don't think it was bad—deu you.

DEATH OF A MISER.—The Chicago Press mentions that a few days ago a miser, named Grunderson, died in that city from the effects of the miserable food his avarice compelled him to eat, and because he would not take medicines or have a physician, lest he should be called upon to pay the expense. Since his death it has been ascertained that he had $4,000 deposited in a bank, and owned a block in the western division of the city. He left no will, and had several respectable children, who when he was ill, flocked to bedside and relieved his sufferings all they could.

STORY OF A COURTSHIP.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Come—come," said Mrs. Gray, "you have been moping there long enough, nephew, forgetting matters and everything else. Here are the apples waiting, and no one to hand them around, for when I once get seated in an easy chair"—here the good woman gave a smiling survey of her ample person, which certainly overflowing the chair at every point, leaving the back and curving arms quite invisible—"it isn't a very easy thing to get up again. Now bustle about and while we old women rest ourselves, you and Julia there, can try your luck with the apple seeds."

"I remember the first time I ever surmised that Mr. Gray had taken a notion to me, was once when we were at an apple-cutting, down in Maine. Somehow, Mr. Gray had got into my neighborhood when we ranged around the great baskets of apples. I felt my cheeks burn the moment he drew his chair so close to mine; and took out his jack-knife to begin work. He pared and I quartered. I never looked up but once—then his cheek was redder than mine, and he held the jack-knife terribly unsteady. By and by, he got a noble great apple, yellow as gold, and smooth as a baby's cheek. I was looking at his hand sidewise from under my eys-lashes, and saw that he was paring it carefully, as if every round of skin was a stripe of gold. At last he cut it off at the seed end and the soft ring fell down over his wrist, and I took the apple from his fingers.

"Now," said he, in a whisper, bending his hand a little, and raised the apple-peel carefully with his right hand, "I'm just as sure that this will be the first letter of the name I love, as I am that we are alive." He began swiftly whirling the apple-peel around his head; the company were busy with one another, and I was the only person who saw the yellow links quivering round his head, once, twice, three times. Then he held it still a moment and looked right into my eyes. I held my breath and so did he.

"Now," said he and his breath come out in a quiver, "what if it should be your name?"

I did not answer and we both looked back at the same time. Sure enough it was the letter S. No pen ever made one more beautiful. "Just as I expected," said he, and his eyes grew as bright as diamonds, "just as I expected," that was all he said.

"And what answer did you make him, aunt?" asked Robert Otis, who had been listening with a flushed face. "What did you say?"

"I did'nt speak a word, but quartered on as fast as I could. As for Mr. Gay, he kept paring on like one possessed. I thought he would never stop paring, or speak a word more. By and by, he stuck the point of his knife into an apple, and unwinding the skin from around it, he handed it to me. It was a red skin, I remember, and cut as smooth as a ribbon."

"I should'nt wonder a bit, if that dropped into a letter G.," says Mr. Gray, "Suppose you try it."

"Well, I took the red apple skin, and whirled it three times round my head, and down it went on the floor, curled up into the nicest capital G that you ever set your eyes on.

Mr. Gray, he looked at the letter, and then sort of side-wise into my face. "S. G." say he, taking up the apple skin and eating it, as if it had been the first mouthful of a thanks-giving dinner. "How would you like to see those two letters on a new set of silver teaspoons?"

I really believe you could have lit a candle in my face, it burned so; but I couldn't speak more than if I'd been tongue-tied.

"But did you never answer about the spoons?" asked Julia.

"Well, yes, I believe I did the next Sunday night," said the old lady dumurely, smoothing her apron.

A Redskin Romance.

A private soldier, writing from Fort Lamarie, mentions the following incidents of the Massacre of Lieutenant Grattan: I will give you two facts connected with the massacre, which I have never seen in the newspapers. A musician, one of the party, owned or married a squaw, and on that unfortunate day, when she saw danger threatening the troops, she rallied her father and brother to preserve her lover. When he fell wounded, she ran to him to protect him from the arrows, or perish with him. Her father shot several arrows in the other Indians, and was wounded himself in the zealous defence of the soldier. Then he sat down and wept, as he could do no more.

The hostile Indians then rushed on the soldier, tore him from the embrace of his squaw, and scalped him before her eyes. After this, she could not be prevailed upon to eat or drink, and starved to death, dying in nine days, broken-hearted. The only soldier that reached here alive was found by an Indian who instead of scalping him, ministered to his wants, carried water to his hiding place, and endeavored to bring him into the fort in the night, but being unable or afraid to accomplish his purpose, returned back to Mr. Bordeau's house, bearing the soldier, and four Indians overtook him, and wished to kill the wounded man, or as they said, "that dog." The reply of the noble friendly savage was, "This white man must live, or I must die," and bore him off in safety.

POWDER.—It is said that there is but one powder making establishment in the United States that has stock to run more than sixty days longer. They must close then or sooner, and await the result of the eastern war, or bid against the Czar of all the Russias for that indispensable ingredient for powder, saltpetre.

FRIGHTENING THE WRONG PASSENGER.—Some years ago, when the old steamer Ivanhoe, Capt. Jinney German, used to run from Savannah to Augusta, the incident we are about to relate occurred, and was witnessed by our reporter. When the Ivanhoe arrived at Augusta, a countryman was seen on the wharf, dressed in homespun, his coat fitting so tightly across his shoulders as to raise his arms several inches higher than nature intended them to hang. His appearance generally would indicate that he was directly from the Elkefonoke, and for the first time in his life, was gazing upon things pertaining to civilization. He was what our boatmen termed "a comical customer." He had never seen a steamboat, nor dreamed of a locomotive. The appearance of the bridge seemed to be more than he could realise as fact, and the steamboat unmanned him. Our boatmen drew him into conversation, and were as much amused with his remarks as his appearance. They got him on board the steamer, and thought they had engaged fun enough for several trips. One of the officers of the boat, named—, was peculiarly fond of a practical joke, and deemed the opportunity too good to be lost. He assured his comrades that he had a plan by which he intended to make Jonny Green jump overboard. He accordingly brought out a hideous looking bowie-knife, which was in his possession, and, assuming a perfect swashbuckler air, approached the countryman, saying—"I've found you at last, my man—I've been looking for you;" and throwing himself into a position indicating an assault, had no sooner got within arm's length of the enemy than he found himself stretched upon the deck and his knife in the possession of the foe, who fell upon him and gave him a most unmerciful beating—disabling him so as to render it necessary for him to take to his bed and keep it. When the countryman had satisfied himself that he had given him enough, he arose amidst the astonished lookers-on, who had so mistaken his character, and exclaimed—"Gentlemen, is there any other MAN in your boat a LOOKIN' FOR ME?" They assured him that there was not, and allowed him to leave fully satisfied that they had got the worst of the joke.

IOWA.—A Correspondent of the Buffalo Commerical Advertiser speaks as follows of this young and growing State:

"Iowa, with its 50,000 square miles, was a perfect wilderness 24 years ago, and in 1843 contained 43,112 inhabitants. Ten years later its population is 192,114—an increase of three huudred and forty-seven per cent. Five years ago it had 824,680 acres of improved land, and the value of farms was $16,657,567. In this young State there are to-day fifty thousand work horses, a larger number of milch cows, and nearly as many working oxen, a hundred and seventy thousand sheep and five hundred thousand swine; and the value of live stock cannot be much short of five millions of dollars. It now yields annually upwards of two million bushels of corn. Iowa will certainly be the New York of the West in agricultural point. She has four thousand square miles of territory more than the Empire State, and has now only four or five persons to the square mile, while New York has nearly seventy. Iowa has a million and a half acres of good land unimproved. When all her agricultural resources are developed, when she ships her hundred million bushels of corn annually, by one or more of *her* "Pacific railroads," to China and the Islands along the route, then will the Union feel enriched by the Iowa link in the bright chain of Western Commonwealths."

BIG TREE.—The Salem (Va.) Register, says: "We have recently seen some pretty tall bragging on *big trees*, but we think that we had the pleasure not long since of seeing one that takes the shine off of anything that has yet been spoken of. Our tree is a sycamore, and stands on an island in James River, which belongs to a farm of Col. L. C. Arthur of the county of Bedford. The tree is about 36 feet in circumference at the ground, and gets but very little, if any less until it obtains a height of 25 or 30 feet, at which point three huge prongs point out, all at the same place, either of which alone makes a tree of tremendous size. This mammoth tree is hollow to the height of some 10 or 12 feet, where it appears to be entirely sound. A door has been cut near the ground of sufficient size for a man to enter without any inconvenience, and we understand that more than 30 persons have been known to be in at the same time. We know that the inside would make a stall of sufficient size to render a horse entirely comfortable. Persons passing up the James River Canal will find but little inconvenience in getting a peep at this huge monster.

☞ In Baltimore, just after a recent shower, by which the streets and gutters had been so filled with water as to subject pedestrians to a great inconvenience, a lady was in difficulty at one of the crossings, when a young fellow, with more gallantry than sobriety, offered his assistance. She declined; but he insisting, took hold of her to carry her over, when he slipped and fell at full length. His person thus affording a temporary bridge, the lady stepped upon him, and thus got over with dry feet. She did not stop to thank him, and he rose dripping from the gutter, vowing never to attempt to carry females in a storm again.

☞ A gentleman dined one day with a dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over before the gentleman fell asleep, but was awakened by the divine, and invited to go and hear him preach. "I beseech you, sir, to excuse me, I can sleep very well where I am," said the guest.